

# Everybody Hates Chris

## Ludacris

Sing along with me,

[Chorus]

Say fuck you Luda [Repeat: x3]  
Yea, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris  
Say fuck you Luda [Repeat: x3]  
Yea, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris

OK now, this is for the Gs and this is for the hustlers  
This is for the diamonds and the watch all clustered  
Spread em like mustard, canary yellow  
Now women in my face like hello  
Yea I'm sort of a big deal  
These Giovanni rims are sort of a big wheel  
This five course dinner is sort of a big meal  
This Bentley GT can make Luda disappear  
Faster than David Copperfield motherfucker  
I'm talking five star tell is, and penthouse suites  
Yea I'm just a playboy between penthouse sheets  
Hit the club and go and party with some penthouse freaks  
Party with Britney, Lindsay and Paris together  
Get in line and buying bottles that's taller than Chris Webber  
And making haters sneeze from diamonds and sick leathers  
Cause my ice gives em cold like they as if they under the weather  
But my women keep me warmer than a polo sweater

[Chorus]

Now I stay fresh to death draped in gangsta fits  
Over 12 million sold I drop gangsta hits  
Live in mansions and drive around in gangsta whips  
You swear I'm bout to get into some gangsta shit  
Oh no here comes trouble, my vision is skewed  
I can only see in doubles, two models two bottles  
That'll pop like bubbles and when I get home  
The girls tops lift off like airspace shuttles  
60 seconds till blast off  
My car got a face lift and took its mask off  
Tint so dark it look like I took the glass off  
The body was white for 8 weeks

Before I finally decided to take its cast off  
Now its blacker than a bottom less pit  
You talk shit you'll end up with bottom less lip  
I hit a nigga so hard, I'll make him swallow his spit  
Then I be wit Bobby V on that anonymous shit

[Chorus]

I go for broke like TLC  
The hottest nigga on the mic  
Yea I believe that's me  
Now all the ladies wanna give a lil' TLC  
Cause Luda was set for life after 3 LPs  
Yep,  
Still counting still climbing the charts  
And rappers still talking shit  
Like they was rhyming in farts  
I cross the finish line twice  
They still trying to start  
But my infrared beam will make em shine in the dark

[Chorus]

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